
Title: Captain's Log 2

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One day later...

The weather has become increasingly ominous over the past twelve hours. Given our current location in the Southern Latitudes one would expect relatively calm seas and pleasant weather, yet that is not the case. Navigation officer puts the Ararat south of the Isle of Oclo, yet the weather is what one would expect in the Northern latitudes. Morale officer further reports the crew is becoming uncharacteristically irritable for as soon into our voyage as we are.

Later that evening...

The Weather seems to be holding for now. As is customary I dined with my officers on a meal of salted pork and stewed corn. I was happy to see Garrity was able enough procure a small ration of donuts from Baked Delights before our departure, although since then have become a bit tough to the bite. Garrity is a good friend in that regard and a fine officer as well. If not for my years of friendship with him I would be none the wiser to the torment he lives with inside. Even though he is my friend, I have a greater responsibility to

the crew of this ship.
Given the unfortunate
events of the days just
before our departure a
lesser man would nay be
fit for duty at sea, but
not Garrity. He is a
professional through and
through, still I shall keep
mind of him closely.

The next morning...

Just as the sun peeked
from beneath the Horizon
the Ararat passed within
a short distance of the
Serpent's Pillar. It never
ceases to amaze, it's
coiled facade cutting
through the waves. The
weather, while
unexplainable thus far,
continues to hold.